Exit Wound

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/9997172.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	post wotl, Hannigram - Freeform, Hannibal is Hannibal, Dark Will, Sexual Content, Sexual Intent, Mildly Dubious Consent, Or Is It?, Blood, Language, Hannibal on his knees, FOR WILL, Literally more than figuratively, But maybe not..., Declined marriage proposal, ...although, canon typical warnings apply
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Convergence
Stats:	Published: 2017-02-28 Words: 3,128 Chapters: 1/1

Exit Wound

by Phenobarbital

Summary

He was a mess though, and he was freed by it, and he was scared of that liberation, but he was alive and real…and stunningly beautiful in being so.
Absolute perfection.

Notes

- I do not own Hannibal or any of it's characters or the head lyrics used in the beginning.
- I don't even know, I just felt the urge to write something, and now it feels like more than that.
Hope anyone who reads this, enjoys it.

See the end of the work for more notes

In the arms of another who doesn't mean anything to you
Do you lose yourself in wonder?

"I…hate…this, I h-hate…what you do…what you make…make me feel…" Will lied, breathing out shakily where he was standing just inside the open patio doors, his skin glowing a washed out blue from the evening moonlight shining down on their safe house, a secluded seaside residence thousands of miles and an ocean away from America.

He looked cold too, seemingly shivering, but the room was warm, just as the summer weather was, his curls slightly sweated to his neck and forehead even, due to the humidity. Will blinked rapidly as he lowered his head and stared down at his crumpled, blood glossy black shirt and gloves lying in a pile at his bare feet, which were starkly pale against the gray living room tiles; his shoes and socks probably having been removed outside. His fingers were bleach-white and twitching, his torso just the same, and his shoulders and abdomen, every sensitive and tense muscle in his upper body, was quivering with adrenalin, his elevated breathing, his excitement and his fear.

His breathing was loud and uneven, his brow twitching between frowns of exhaustion, annoyance and uncertainty. His mouth was open, to breathe and to emote and to speak, lips red when licked and pale and sticking when not. His beard rasped under the rough swipe of his hand over his face as his dark blue-green gaze flitted up and he shifted his weight just so, absently touching a hand to his lower abdomen, thumb catching on the hem of his low hanging jeans in the wake of his fidgeting.

"I feel like screaming, I want to be…to be angry…" he looked away and stepped to the side aimlessly, swallowing audibly and wringing his right hand around his left wrist briefly, before he remembered that he'd been in the process of removing his bloody clothing and his hands quickly settled on the button and zipper of his jeans to continue doing so.

"..but I'm not…" he added as he started to undo his pants, the sounds of his zipper and the folding of material filling the room as he pushed his dark jeans down his legs, "…I'm not angry."

No, he wasn't angry.

He was a mess though, and he was freed by it, and he was scared of that liberation, but he was *alive* and *real*…and stunningly beautiful in being so.

Absolute perfection.

He'd killed a man that night, and not for safety, not in defense of anything, not for revenge or even for meat, certainly not for Hannibal…not for any reason other than that he'd *desired* to do so. And now he stood, trying so hard to regret it and feel ashamed…and utterly failing to do so.

Months, it'd only been months…and already…he'd come so far since the fall…

Hannibal watched him kick off his jeans, watched him kick it away afterwards with irritation, as if the blood already staining it personally offended him.

"I'm tired." he sighed, lowering his gaze as he avoided further eye contact and began to walk away, stepping over his soiled clothes with naught on but his boxer shorts.

And it was a spontaneous and unexpected thing, because Hannibal hadn't intended to, never once in the years they'd known each other nor the months they'd lived together recently, had he ever intended to put his hands on Will in any way that wasn't to aid, calm, placate…or hurt him, but right then, when he moved, his intention was crystal clear in its amorous nature.

In two quick and silent steps he was on Will, hands on him literally, one on his bare stomach and the other on the side of the younger man's face, and after another two steps, half stumbled for Will, he shoved the brunet backwards and into the closed side of the patio glass doors with a dull thud, followed by an irritable and tired rush of breath from Will.

Will's lips, still parted from his accelerated breathing, moved as he sounded out the first syllable of Hannibal's name in question, but Hannibal leaned in and abruptly tongued the sound right out of the brunet's mouth, feeling the younger man's rush of shock against his face as Will exhaled harshly through his nose.

It was quick, just a taste of warmth and wet and Will's saliva, before Hannibal was sucking a kiss against the side of Will's open mouth and then against his cheek, his prickly jaw line, the sensitive underside….

"…what…the fuck…are you doing?" Will breathed out between the sensations of sucking kisses against his skin.

He sounded annoyed and confused.

Which was understandable, since they'd never kissed before.

In fact, they'd never touched in any way that wasn't platonic.

'What am I doing?' Hannibal himself wondered, but he didn't stop, in fact he moved bodily closer, pinning Will to the glass with his own hips as he slid his hand up from the brunet's abdomen to join his other in holding Will's neck and face as he left a sucking bruise against the brunet's flesh covered carotid artery, where the younger man's pulse was starting to race.

"Hannibal…stop…" Will said, short of breath, mumbling and sounding exasperated, as though he were distractedly telling a child or a pet to stop misbehaving.

Hannibal wasn't even bothered by the tone of Will's voice, focused as he was on the new tastes settling on his tongue, and he certainly didn't *stop*, rather he licked his way back up in one stripe from Will's neck to his jaw, and ignored Will's resulting sound of surprised indignation.

"You taste…so very *alive*, Will…" he then breathed out in a low, dark tone, right against Will's open mouth and when the younger man rolled his eyes to meet Hannibal's gaze, he once again licked into Will's mouth before he could say anything, his kiss rough and forceful.

His tongue filled the brunet's mouth, skimming Will's teeth, the roof of his mouth and the underside of his tongue, before Hannibal sucked the unresponsive appendage into his own mouth so savagely

that Will made a sound of pain, exhaling sharply and jerking bodily against him, bringing his hands up to fist two painful handfuls of Hannibal's hair in response to the ache caused in his mouth.

And then they were kissing, sorely sucking and exchanging rough swipes of their tongues, breathing noisily and their lips catching wetly, but only for a few brief, teeth scraping moments, before Will pulled away and his head thunked back against the glass, followed by a shaken, exhaled curse of frustration.

Hannibal, undeterred, dragged kisses wetly over the defined curve of his chin, and then further down.

"I don't want this with you…" Will breathed out, followed by a tense swallow.

Hannibal slid his hands down Will's chest, settling them tightly, gripping sorely, on the brunet's hips as he kissed and sucked his way down Will's throat, over his Adam's apple, into the hollow of his clavicle, against the hard line of his sternum, veering off to kiss at the soft muscle of his left pectoral before licking slow and firmly over one pert, hard nipple.

Will's grip in his hair held fast and became even tighter, the younger man digging his nails into Hannibal's scalp in retaliation to the attention to his nipple.

"Christ, you don't…even care…" he mumbled out breathily, and Hannibal, unhindered by Will's grip in his hair –holding but not actually stopping him- moved across the younger man's chest to suck on Will's other nipple.

"…you've never…cared about what I w-want…" Will added, grip loosening in Hannibal's hair when the older man dropped to his knees, leaving a wake of saliva after his wet kisses over the younger man's muscled abdomen, "…this is just…one more thing you'll **take** from me." Will said hollowly, and only then did Hannibal pause, exhaling hotly into the brunet's shallow navel as he stopped kissing, his hands on Will's hips absently clenching into the younger man's dark boxers.

He tilted his head back slowly, his own mouth hanging open, tongue tracing the edges of his top row of teeth as he looked up at Will, who was leaning resignedly against the glass, his chest rising and falling, his head rested back, throat bared and working through a tense swallow as he stared unseeingly up at the white ceiling.

Harshly, Hannibal yanked his boxers down, watching and hearing Will's breath hitch, but he still didn't look down at Hannibal, he simply clenched his eyes shut and his hands –still in Hannibal's hair- almost caressed his scalp for how slowly and softly they clenched again.

Want was such a fickle thing in the end.

And as an exposed nerve, vulnerable and reduced to just flesh and blood and feeling, Will had always responded very well. Gorgeous and addicting.

Hannibal could smell Will's loathing, could smell his irritation…and he could smell his arousal, his partially hard cock notwithstanding, as obvious to Hannibal as the scent of heat and sexual hormones permeating from Will's warm skin just inches from his face.

Hannibal, slowly, let his tongue slip out as he leaned forward, and he licked along the Adonis belt crease of Will's left thigh, from down upwards, stopping at the subtle jut of Will's hip bone to scrape his teeth over the flesh there before sucking a bruise into the skin and settling it with a kiss,

the salt of Will's sweat and the natural taste of his skin lingering like a mature, delicious wine on Hannibal's tongue.

Will's breathing became louder and his cock responded by filling just a little more, his hands responded too, *almost* pressing Hannibal closer before easing up again and when Hannibal looked up, Will's lower lip was slowly slipping from having been trapped between his teeth.

Hannibal smiled against Will's hip, a smile that was far too soft, far too smitten, so much so that he loathed himself for it, but all the same he let it linger as he spoke absurd words born of absurd affection,

"Marry me, Will Graham." his breath was heavy on those words and his voice rasped as he slid his palms down and up in a caress against Will's muscled thighs.

He tilted his head to the side just enough to watch as a smile spread over the younger man's face and Will thunked his head back against the glass purposely before he shook it once from side to side,

"Never." he breathed out, still smiling.

Hannibal continued to smile, all sharp teeth, as he kissed Will's hip again, sliding his hands up to cup Will's ass cheeks firmly in each palm, making the younger man tense up and swallow a small sound he'd nearly made.

"Let me have you, now and always, blood, body, breath..." he kissed and then licked further in, his tongue dragging over the rough edges of Will's thatch of thick, dark pubic hair, "…and of course, that smart mouth of yours." he added, and glanced up to watch as Will's smile twitched wider, the younger man's hands in his hair shifting, sliding through the smooth strands, tension easing from his grip.

"You're impossible…" he responded quietly, throat working, teeth bared in a strained smile as the air filled the scent of his rushed, mixing emotions.

"Let me *need* you, Will…" Hannibal said just as quietly, and then he straightened up on his knees and wrapped his arms around Will's hips and buttocks in a very intimate hug and pressed kisses to the brunet's stomach between speaking, "…accept everything…I want…to give you…and **take**… even more." he breathed against the fine hair leading down to Will's groin when he finished, before kitten licking over the warm, rising and falling surface of Will's abdomen, almost nuzzling.

Will's hands clenched in his hair again and a tremble went through the length of him, his cock filling fully and throbbing firmly against Hannibal's collar bone.

"I don't want this with you…" Will whispered again, his smile fading, "…I can't let you have this… Hannibal…"

"*Marry me*, Will." Hannibal sighed out in an almost loving tone, fond and patient, flexing his arms around Will, drawing him closer as he smiled again, less soft and much snider this time, "Or don't…but know…that if you try to leave me…I will kill you." he finished with a delicate, feather soft and sweat sticky kiss to Will's skin.

Will's smile returned then and he began to laugh; soft, pitchy chuckles raspily hiccupping from his throat as his hands once again caressed through Hannibal's hair, fingers opening slowly before

clenching tightly and gripping, Will's laughter ebbing as he lowered his head finally to drop his gaze.

Hannibal, still smiling, tipped his head back again and rested his chin against Will's stomach as he looked up, his auburn eyes holding Will's dark blue-green gaze, both men smiling now, neither amused…yet neither unhappy.

Very slowly, Will's right hand slid from his hair and dragged down, fingertips cool and hand trembling faintly with fading adrenalin, Will trailed his touch lightly down over Hannibal's forehead, around the side of his left eye, over the sharp jut of his cheek bone, over his cheek and onto his prominent upper lip.

When Hannibal felt Will's index and middle finger enter his mouth just so, just enough to touch the serrated edges of his bottom teeth, he let his tongue trail lightly over the brunet's fingertips, never breaking eye contact.

Will licked his own lips then and lightly brushed his thumb over Hannibal's chin as he pressed his fingers deeper in, and Hannibal accommodatingly opened his mouth further as Will pressed down on his tongue,

"I'll never try to leave, Hannibal…" he said with smile-twitching lips stretched against his bared teeth, "…you're all I have left." he confessed with some irritation, but certainly, honestly, without bitterness.

This was their truth, their reality. Together as only they could be.

And Hannibal found himself suddenly, wholly satisfied with that answer in a darkly sweet way, and so he slid his arms from around Will and the younger man's fingers slipped from his mouth as he stood up, gracefully and close, making sure he was still trapping Will bodily against the glass once he was at his full height.

Will leaned back into the glass, hands falling to his sides as his head rested back again, tipped just enough that he could look up into Hannibal's eyes, his smile fading just as Hannibal's slowly did.

The sudden urge Hannibal had had to touch will sexually had greatly abated now, but that new fire –he knew- was not extinguished; burning low and warm in his gut in a way that lust never had before.

Hannibal *wanted* Will sexually, and that was not something he'd ever experienced the feeling of before.

And he was not adverse to it either.

Especially now that he'd seen Will in all of his glory after killing someone, and had tasted the flavour of his skin after said kill, and had made his point, receiving his sought after reassurance… so he was placated for the moment.

And he was about to walk away when Will, still naked and exposed and more alive than he'd ever felt before, spoke up,

"Changed your mind about violating some new boundaries?" he said waspishly, still annoyed and now vulnerable too with the addition of being turned on and wound up, and honestly, he was never

more infectious than when he was so purely emotional.

Hannibal didn't move then, narrowing his eyes as he stared Will down, finding himself wanting to leave swollen bite marks on the younger man's smart, provoking mouth. Instead, he stepped into Will's space fully, pressing their bodies flush together from chest to knees as he placed his hands ever so lightly on Will's hips and leaned in so that his partially open mouth was against Will's cheek; just below his eye.

Will exhaled softly and shortly as he was pressed completely to the glass door, his eyes fluttering closed at the sensation of full body contact, responding so naturally to something he hadn't even known that he wanted, and Hannibal just smiled against his skin, enjoying the feeling of Will's uneven breaths huffing against his chin and cheek.

"You have no boundaries left, Will." he informed the younger man quietly, matter of fact, and Will's eyelashes tickled against his skin when he opened his eyes again, "I could have you right now," Hannibal added sweetly, and then for greater affect he said, "I could fuck you violently against this glass door…" Will's breath stuck, his hands settling uncertainly on Hannibal's clothed waist, "or I could take you to bed and devastate you there at my leisure for *hours*…" Will trembled, breaths coming quietly and unevenly through his nose, "…until you cannot speak for having spent all night screaming my name…" he paused, and Will said nothing, so just to be a bastard he asked, "… would you stop me?"

Will huffed out a laugh, soft and eerie…and somehow fond.

Hannibal smiled slowly and kissed just below Will's eye, feeling it close briefly and then open again.

For several seconds there was just silence and the not-too-distant sound of the ocean.

Then,

"I'm tired…" Will repeated his words from earlier, his fingers lightly curling into the material of Hannibal's fine cotton shirt. Hannibal affirmed his own hold on Will's naked hips briefly, and then he stepped back and severed their physical contact smoothly,

"Then you should retire to bed, I will see to cleaning up." he said by way of offer, walking away back to the sofa side table to pick up his wine glass from where he'd left it earlier; before Will had returned home covered in blood, stating that he had a body in the trunk of his car.

He watched as Will, with his multitude of emotional scents mostly dispersed and now replaced by calm and exhaustion, pushed away from the glass door and walked quite steadily and unabashedly -despite still being partially erect and entirely naked-, out of his boxer shorts at his feet to cross the living room and head inside the house.

And as Will passed him, just a foot space away, Hannibal gave into absent temptation and reached out, trailing his fingertips over Will's naked side, catching just the top of his beautifully shaped buttocks before he walked out of reach, the younger man not even reacting to the touch.

"Goodnight, Will." Hannibal felt compelled to say, voice soft and intimate, just before Will could disappear through the door.

And without looking back, Will responded with a hint of amusement in his tone,

"Goodnight, Hannibal."

End Notes

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